DC

VERTIGO

THE INVISIBLES™

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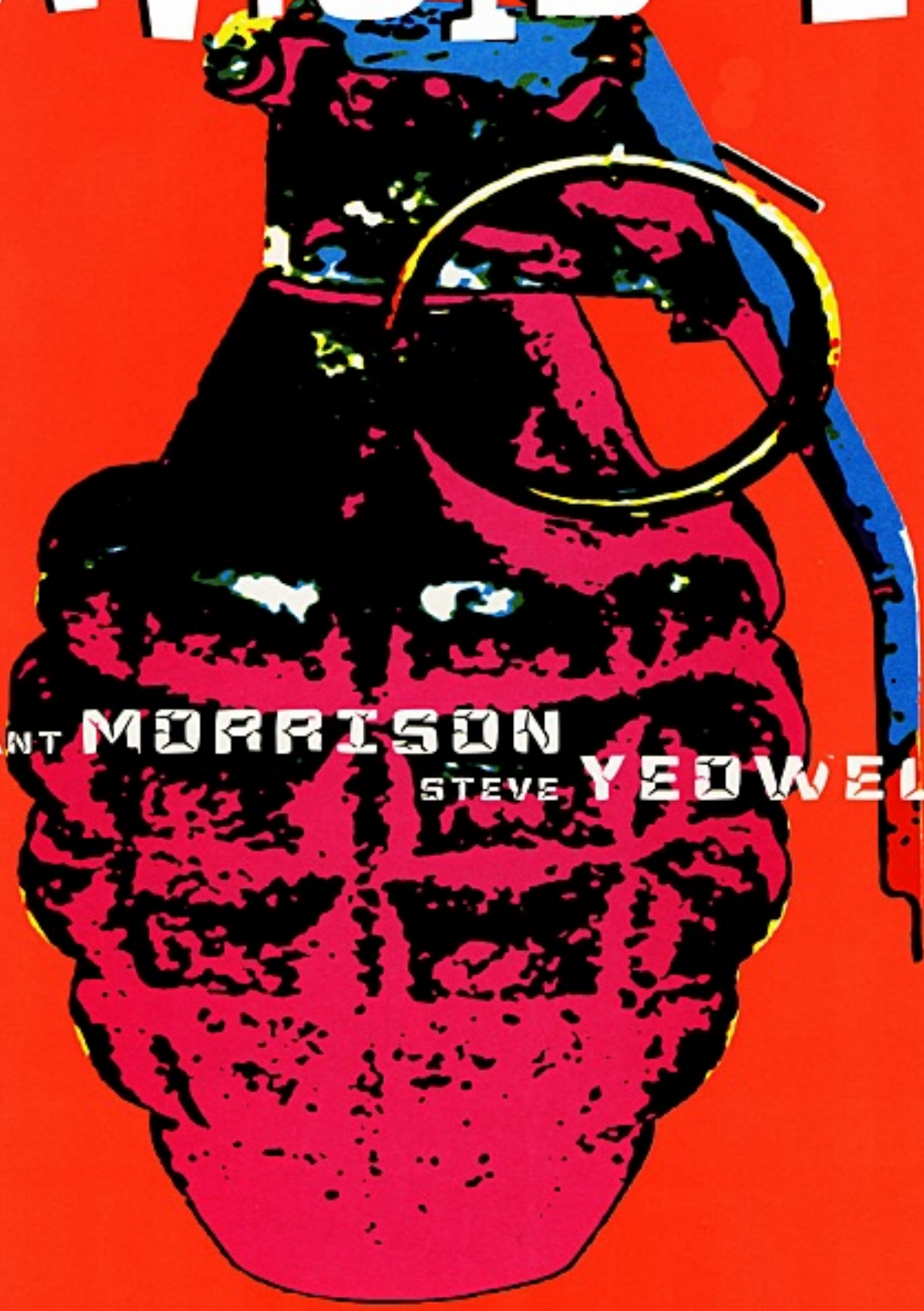

GRANT MORRISON

STEVE YEOWELL

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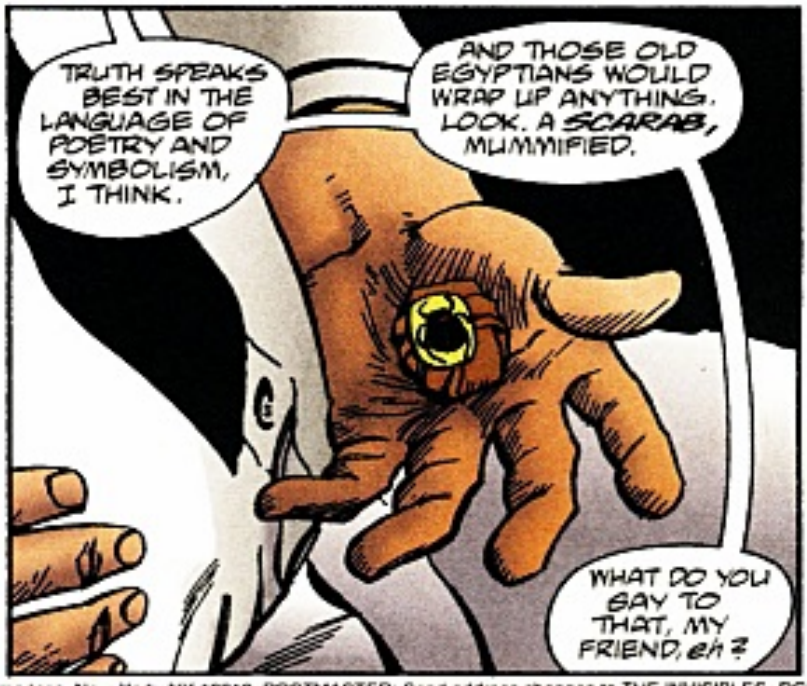

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FUUUUUUUUCK!
DEAD BEATLES
GRANT MORRISON • WRITER
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ELECTRIC CRAYON • COLOR SEPARATIONS
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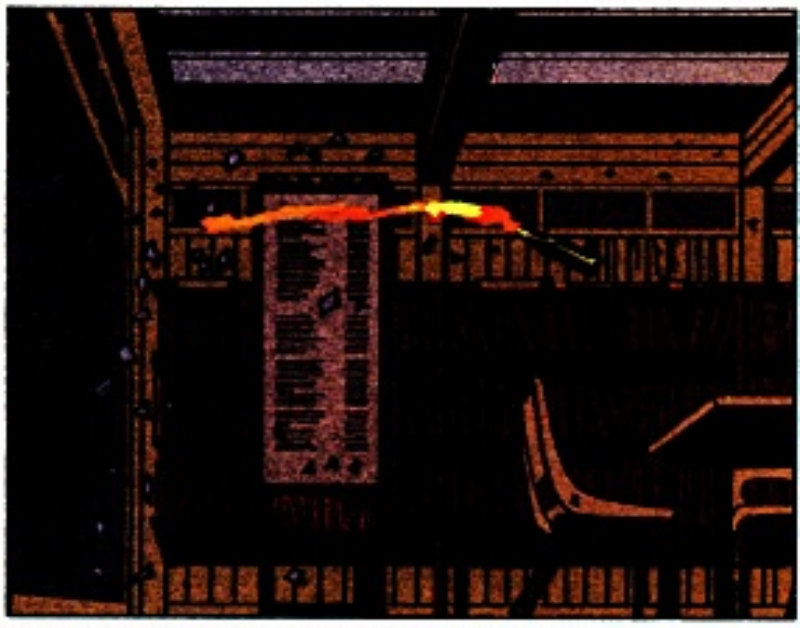
THE INVISIBLES
CREATED BY GRANT MORRISON



NICE ONE.
RIGHT IN THE FUCKING WINDOW.

LOOK AT IT GO.
IT'S BEAUTIFUL, MAN.
NOW LET'S MOVE IT BEFORE THE BIZZIES GET HERE.

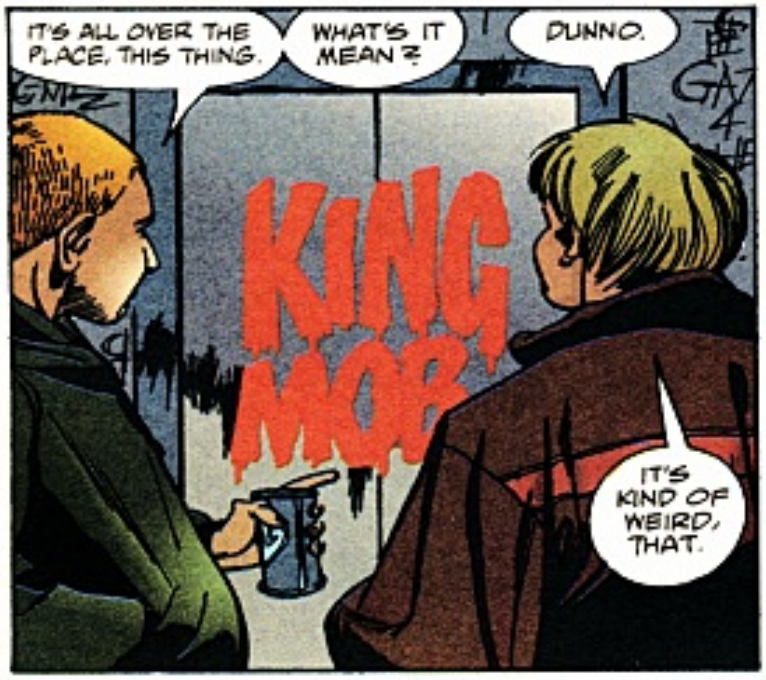
RUN FOR IT!

WE ARE THE BOYS! WE ARE THE BOYS!
WE ARE THE...CROXTETH PO-SSE!
KING MOB

HAHAHAHAHA

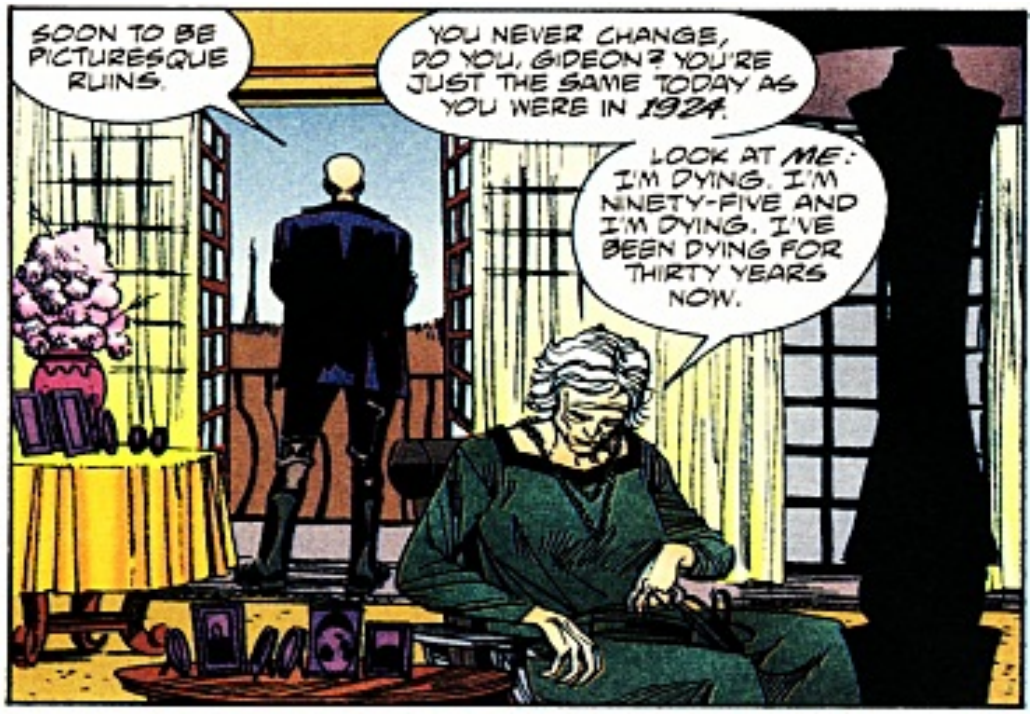
I LOVE THE SOUND OF FIRE ENGINES. IT'S LIKE THE WHOLE WORLD'S BURNING DOWN.
I WISH I'D AN ATOM BOMB.

I'D DROP IT ON LIVERPOOL.
THEY'D NEED A *MILLION* FIRE ENGINES FOR THAT. IMAGINE THE FUCKING *NOISE*.
EY.
HAVE YOU SEEN *THIS*?


IT'S ALL OVER THE PLACE, THIS THING.
WHAT'S IT MEAN?
DUNNO.
KING MOB
IT'S KIND OF WEIRD, THAT.

IT'S SORT OF LIKE I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE BUT I HAVEN'T.
WEIRD.

NICE VIEW.


SOON TO BE PICTURESQUE RUINS.
YOU NEVER CHANGE, DO YOU, GIDEON? YOU'RE JUST THE SAME TODAY AS YOU WERE IN 1924.
LOOK AT ME: I'M DYING. I'M NINETY-FIVE AND I'M DYING. I'VE BEEN DYING FOR THIRTY YEARS NOW.

HOW DID I GET TO BE LIKE THIS? THAT'S WHAT I KEEP ASKING MYSELF.
IT'S JUST...WELL, I NEVER EXPECTED TO BECOME QUITE SO HIDEOUS. LIKE FAIRY GOLD TURNED TO DROSS IN THE COLD LIGHT OF DAY.

I HEARD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO JOHN-A-DREAMS.
YOU'LL BE SEARCHING FOR A NEW RECRUIT, I PRESUME.
WE'VE FOUND HIM. HE'S YOUNG. HE NEEDS A LOT OF TRAINING. THAT'S WHY I CAME HERE.
WE CAN'T LOCATE TOM. I'D LIKE YOU TO CONTACT HIM. I KNOW YOU STILL HAVE A LINK.

OH GOD, GIDEON, NO.
I'M TOO OLD AND ILL FOR THIS KIND OF THING...
EXACTLY. SO BE A DEAR AND JUST DO IT BEFORE YOU'RE TOO DEAD, EDITH.
AND LET US KNOW WHEN YOU FIND HIM.

...SO, AS YOU KNOW, AFTER THE DAMAGE WHICH WAS DONE TO THE LIBRARY LAST NIGHT, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO CONTINUE THE PROJECT FOR A WHILE.
IN THE MEANTIME, I'D LIKE US TO MOVE ON TO THE PERIOD BETWEEN THE TWO WORLD WARS.
WE'RE GOING TO BE LOOKING AT THE WAYS IN WHICH THE EARLY LINKS BETWEEN COMMUNIST THEORY AND OTHER RADICAL POLITICAL MOVEMENTS WERE SEVERED FOLLOWING THE REVOLUTION.
CAN ANYONE TELL ME THE NAME OF THE ANARCHIST WRITER OF 'MUTUAL AID' WHO DENOUNCED THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION?
McGOWAN?
DANE McGOWAN?
I'M TALKING TO YOU, McGOWAN. GOD FORBID THAT I SHOULD TEAR YOU AWAY FROM WHATEVER IT IS YOU'RE DOING THAT'S SO IMPORTANT, BUT WE'D ALL APPRECIATE THE BENEFIT OF YOUR INSIGHT.
THE RUSSIAN ANARCHIST THEORIST WHO DENOUNCED THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION?
SIR?
I DON'T KNOW, SIR. WAS IT MOLOTOV?

I DON'T... AH. RIGHT, THERE'S THE BELL.
OKAY. SIX THOUSAND WORDS ON THE POLITICAL CONDITIONS IN IMPERIAL RUSSIA WHICH LED TO THE BOLSHEVIK UPRISING. FOR WEDNESDAY...

McGOWAN.
I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU PLEASE.
SEE YOU LATER.

WHY DO YOU DO IT, McGOWAN?
DO WHAT, SIR?
I HAVEN'T DONE NOTHING.

LOOK, McGOWAN, I KNOW YOU'RE NOT LIKE THESE OTHER LADS YOU RUN AROUND WITH. YOU'RE NOT STUPID. YOU COULD HAVE ANSWERED THAT QUESTION.
I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, McGOWAN.

SIR.
AND I HOPE THAT "MOLOTOV" COMMENT WAS JUST A JOKE. ONLY NAZIS BURN BOOKS.
CARRY ON LIKE THIS AND YOU'LL END UP IN JAIL, OR AS JUST ANOTHER BLANK, BRUTALIZED FACE, DRINKING BEER IN FRONT OF THE TELLY. IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?

FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T LET THE DEADWEIGHTS DRAG YOU DOWN, McGOWAN.
SIR.

MUM?

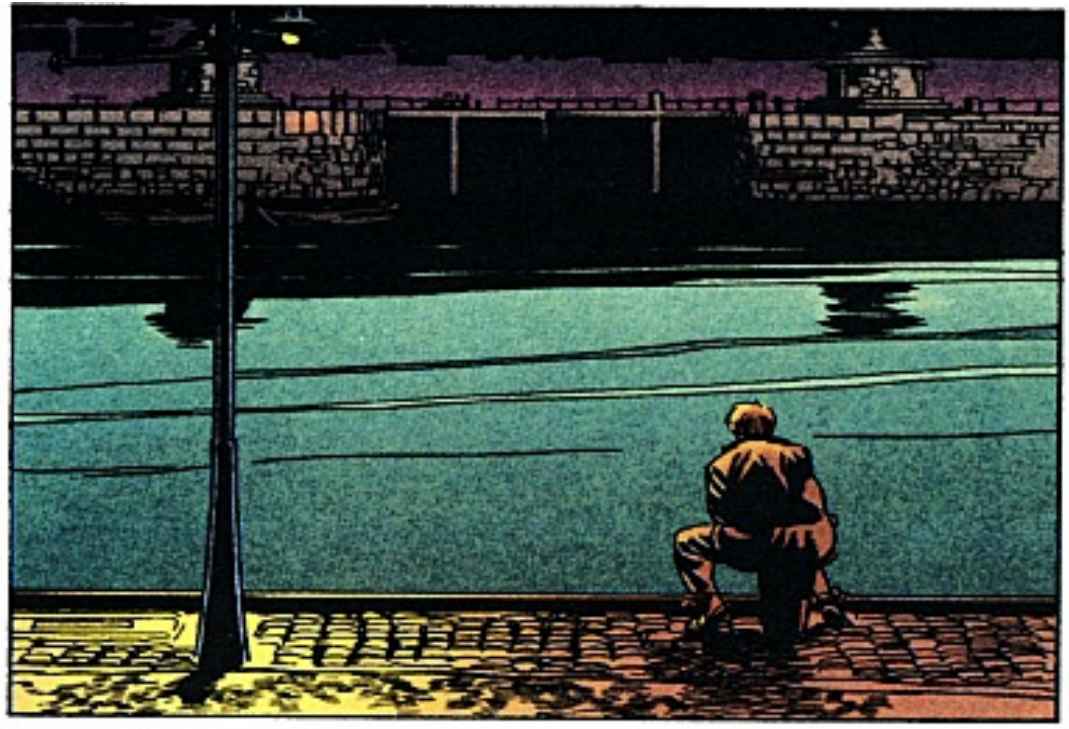
GIVE US THE VIDEO CARD, WILL YOU?
I CAN'T BE ARSED GOING OUT TONIGHT.
OH, YOU CAN'T, CAN YOU? WELL, THINK AGAIN.
YOU'RE NOT STAYING IN TONIGHT. TAKE THAT MONEY ON THE MANTLE-PIECE AND GO BUY YOURSELF A KEBAB OR SOMETHING.

AWW, COME ON!
IT'S FREEZING OUT!
I SAID "NO." ARE YOU DEAF AS WELL AS STUPID?
PETER'S COMING ROUND HERE TONIGHT AND I DON'T WANT YOU HANGING AROUND, RIGHT?

WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO GO? I LIVE HERE, DON'T I?
ANYWAY, PETE'S A PRICK.
OH, HE'S A PRICK IS HE NOW? AND YOU'RE SO FUCKING SMART, ARE YOU?
WHO D'YOU THINK YOU ARE? ALL YOU'VE EVER DONE IS RUIN MY LIFE EVER SINCE THE MINUTE YOU WERE BORN. YOU'RE JUST LIKE YOUR DAD.

AND I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR SHIT, RIGHT!
NOW GET OUT OF HERE YOU LITTLE BASTARD BEFORE I HAVE TO KICK YOUR ARSE OUT THAT DOOR MYSELF!

KING MOB



MAIN REASON I DON'T WANT TO STAY IN THE GROUP.

I MEAN, I'M NEVER GOING TO BE ABLE TO PLAY THE BASS AND I'M FUCKING SICK OF PAUL MOANING ABOUT IT.

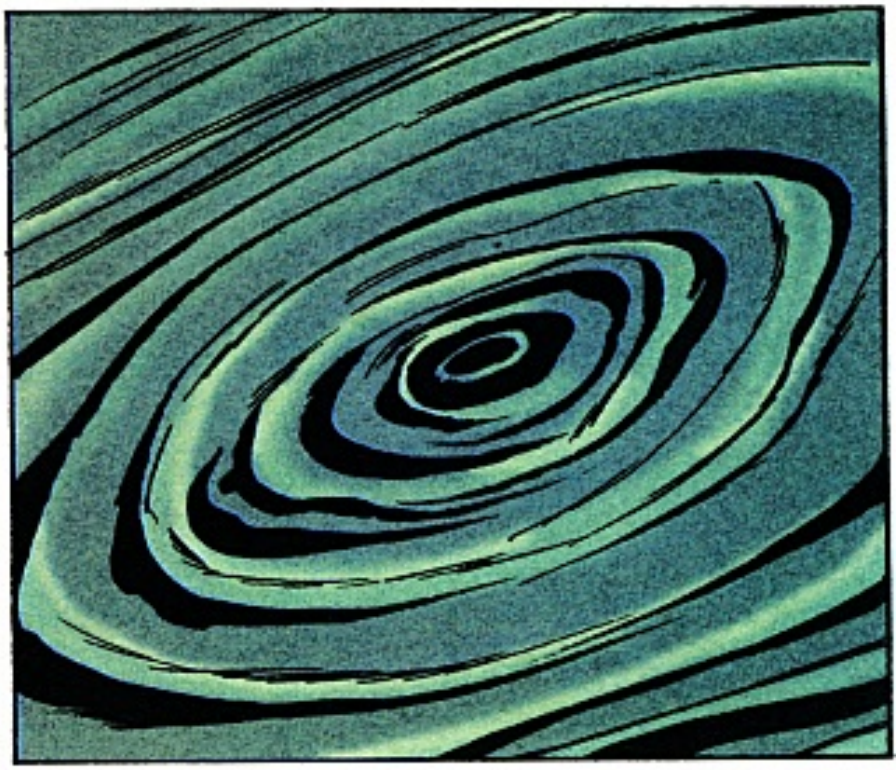
I BELONG IN HAMBURG. ASTRID'S THERE, AND MY PAINTING.
YOU WON'T MISS ME.
THAT'S ANOTHER NAIL IN MY COFFIN.

YEAH. D'YOU EVER WONDER HOW YOU'LL DIE, JOHN?
WHEN I DIE I WANT TO BE BURIED IN A WHITE COFFIN.

I WOULDN'T MIND DYING YOUNG, LIKE JAMES DEAN.
WHO WANTS TO GET OLD AND SHITTY?
I WANNA DIE IN THE ARMS OF BRIGITTE BARDOT.

STILL, IF WE HANG AROUND HERE, WE'LL FUCKING FREEZE TO DEATH.

I WISH I WAS BACK IN HAMBURG. LIVERPOOL'S A FUCKING DRAG.
IF ANYTHING'S DEAD, IT'S THIS PLACE.

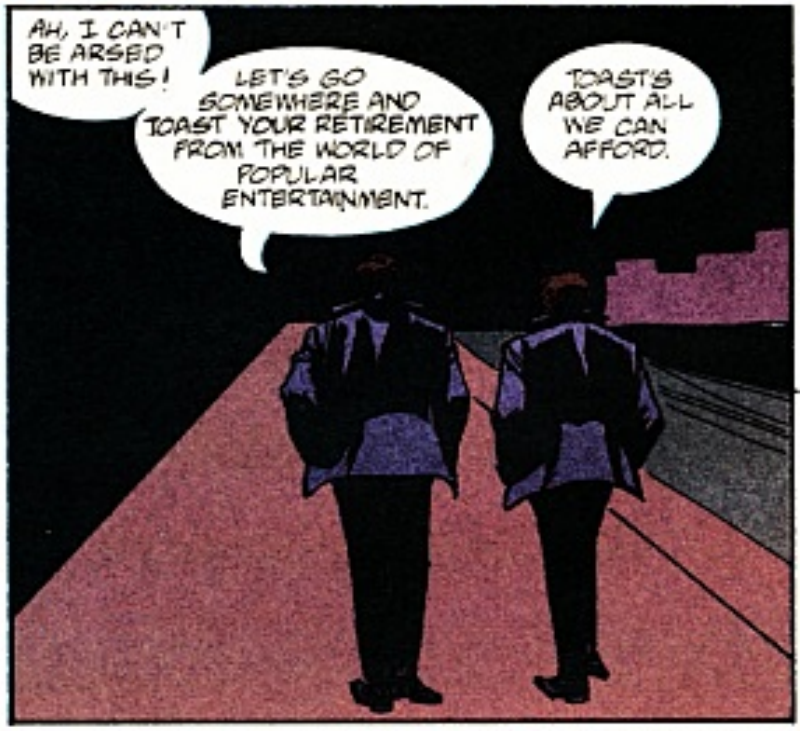


I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE GOING ON ABOUT DEATH, ANYWAY. YOU'RE ONLY LEAVING A BAND, STU.
IT'S NOT THE END OF THE FUCKING WORLD.

MR. LENNON?
YEAH?

SHIT.
WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT? I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING.
CAR BACK-FIRING.

MAYBE WE ARE DEAD, JOHN. WE COULD BE DEAD AND NOT KNOW IT.
MORE LIKE WE'RE FUCKING ALIVE AND DON'T KNOW IT.
A BANJO-PLAYING SPASTIC JUST WARPED ACROSS MY GRAVE, YOUR HONOR.


AH, I CAN'T BE ARSED WITH THIS!
LET'S GO SOMEWHERE AND TOAST YOUR RETIREMENT FROM THE WORLD OF POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT.
TOAST'S ABOUT ALL WE CAN AFFORD.

YEAH, WELL... ONE DAY WHEN WE'RE FAMOUS, WE'LL LOOK BACK AND LAUGH.

HA
HA
HA

WE ARE THOUSANDS. ERDISCHE METHODE GUT, STARKER BESITSCHER. TERRIBLE LIGHT AND COLD. ONE IS DEAD AT 22, ONE AT 40.
WE ARE THE MAD ONES. HERE IN THE WORLD. COME HOME. THE REVERSE OF THE MOON. SEELISCHES LAND.

SEELISCHES LAND.
FUCK OFF, YOU.
I'M NOT LISTENING.

I'M NOT.
I DON'T CARE.
I DON'T CARE ABOUT NOTHING.

...SEE GOPHER GOT DONE ON A TDA.
THE WANKER WAS SO PISSED HE CRASHED THE CAR RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE POLICE STATION.
OLYMPIC
GOPHER'S A PRICK ANYWAY. SERVES HIM RIGHT.

YO!
GAZ HERE'S GOT A STIFFIE! HE SAYS YOU CAN TAKE A LOOK AT IT.
I WOULD, BUT I HAVEN'T GOT MY MAGNIFYING GLASS ON ME!
TELL HIM TO COME BACK WHEN HE REACHES PUBERTY!

SHE'S GAGGING FOR IT, MAN!
SHURRUP, WILLYA?
SHE'S A FUCKING DOG ANYHOW.

BET I CAN NICK ANY CAR IN TWO MINUTES.
MY ARSE!
PROVE IT.

...ALL RIGHT, WHAT ABOUT THAT, THEN?
THIS CAN SAYS YOU CAN'T DO IT.
IT'S AN ASTRA. NOBODY NICKS ASTRAS. IT'S GOT A DEADLOCK. YOU'LL NEVER DO IT, DANE.
J215 PVO

TWO MINUTES.

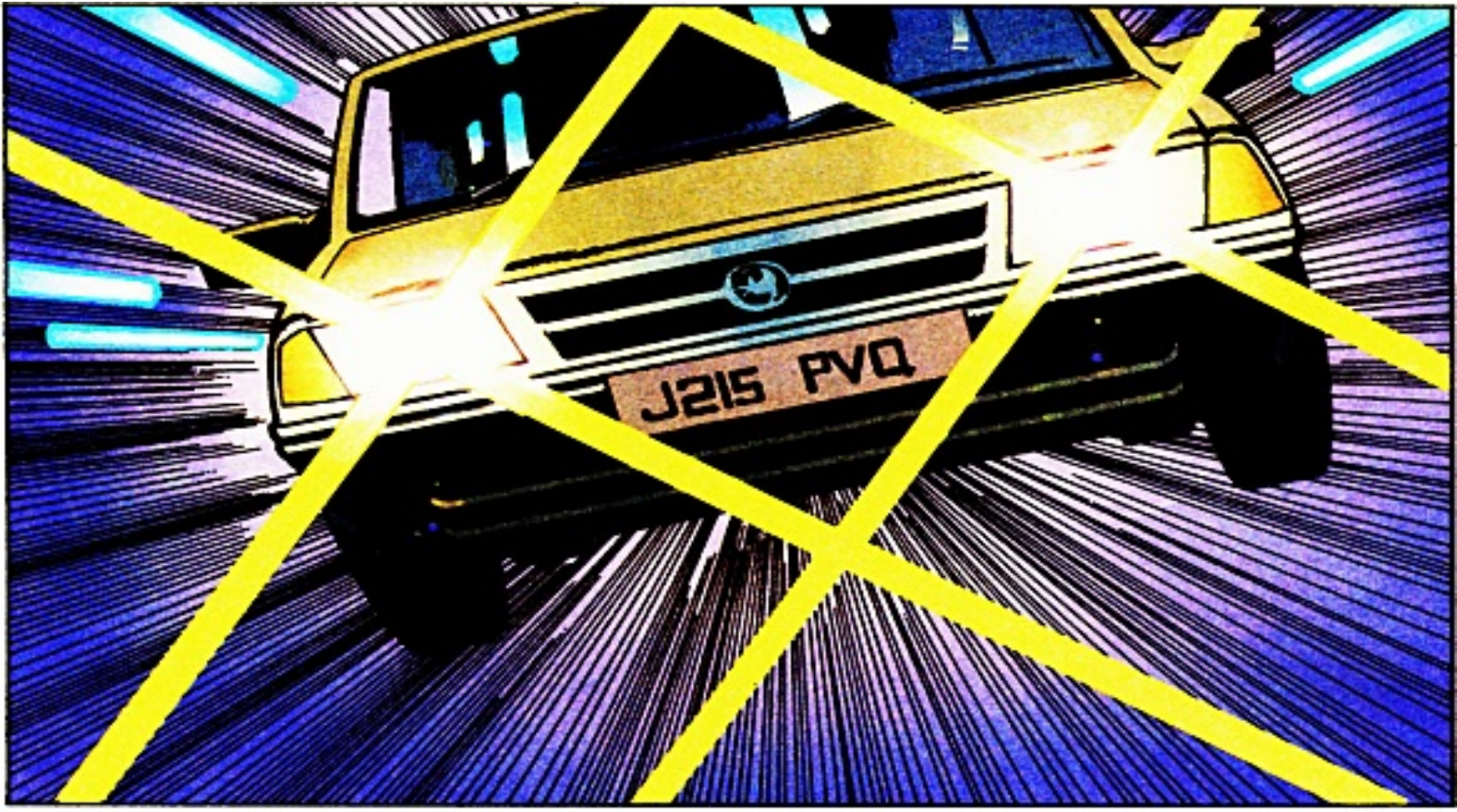
YOU JUST FORCE THE DEADLOCK OFF WITH THE CROWBAR, RIGHT?
DODGE UNDER THE CAR.

PULL THE EARTH WIRE OFF THE GEARBOX AND EVERYTHING STOPS WORKING, SEE?

YOU WITH ME SO FAR?
YOU GOT A MINUTE LEFT.

NO PROBLEM.
THERE.
JUST RIP THE ALARM OUT.

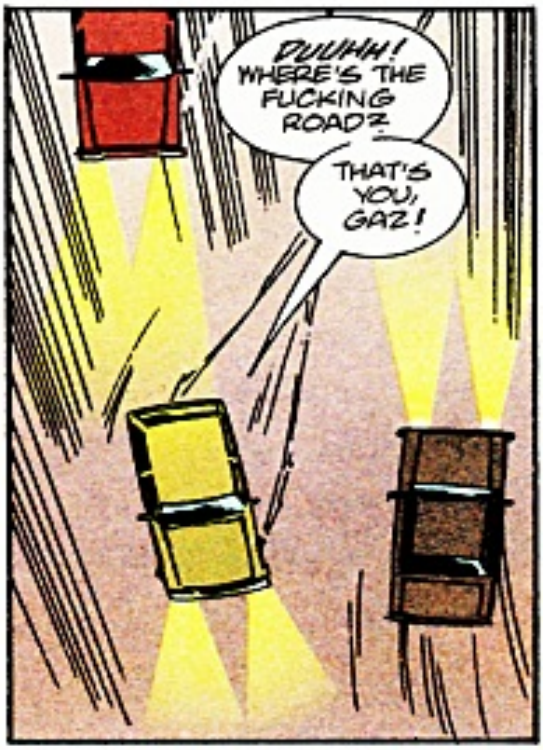
NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CONNECT THE EARTH WIRE UP AGAIN AND WE'RE OFF.
YOU OWE ME A CAN, BILLY-BOY.

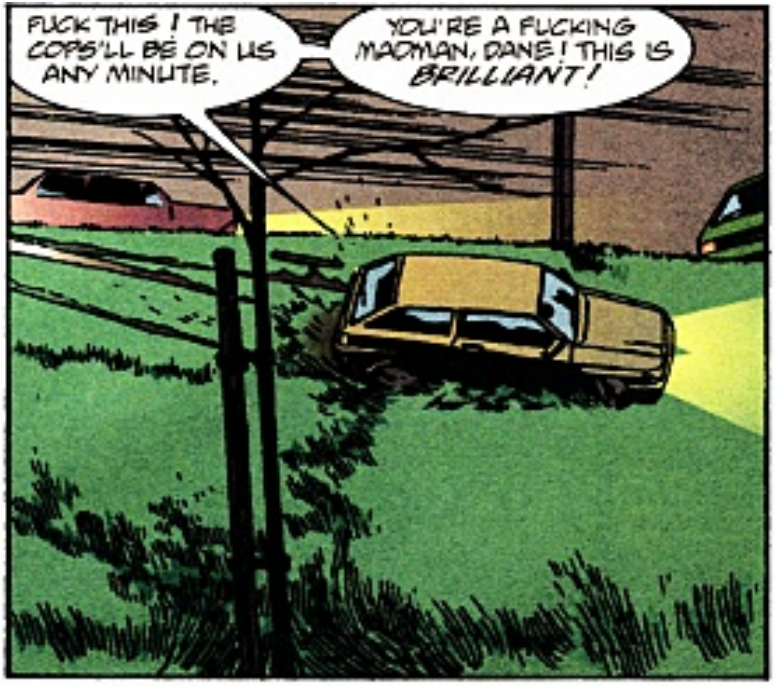

J215 PVQ

I WISH WE HAD SOME Es, MAN! REMEMBER THAT NIGHT WE WERE TOTALLY OUT OF OUR FACES AND WE CRASHED IN THE POND?
SPAZZER THOUGHT HE WAS IN A FUCKING VIDEO GAME. THAT WAS A BRILLIANT BUZZ.

GIZZA GO DRIVING.
GET TO FUCK!
YOU DRIVE LIKE A CRIPPLE WALKS, YOU DO.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DRIVE LIKE!
WAAAUUU
FUCK!


DUUHH! WHERE'S THE FUCKING ROAD?
THAT'S YOU, GAZ!

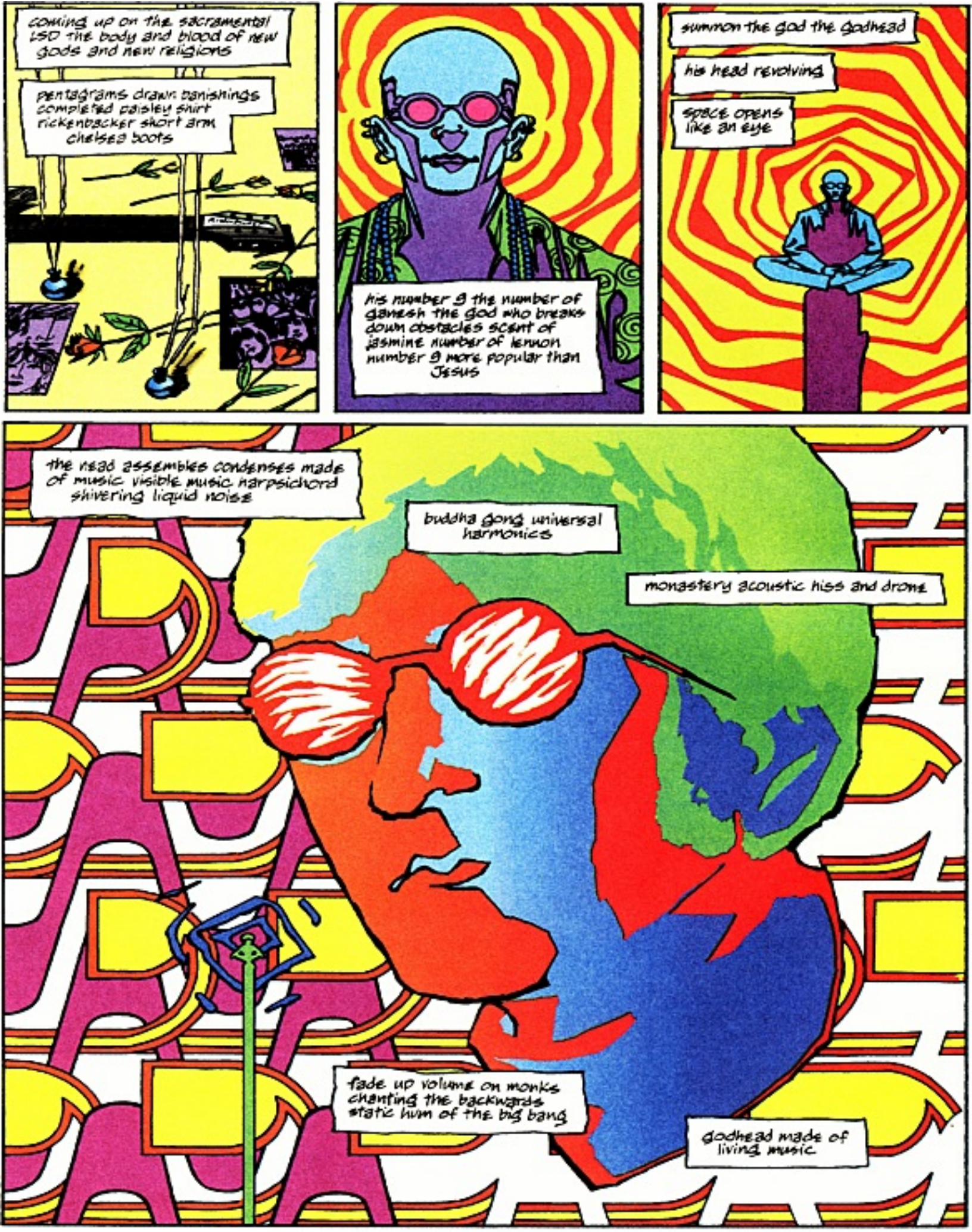

FUCK THIS ! THE COPS'LL BE ON US ANY MINUTE.
YOU'RE A FUCKING MADMAN, DANE ! THIS IS BRILLIANT !

WHERE'RE WE GOING, ANYWAY ?
WELL, IT'S FURTHER EDUCATION, ISN'T IT ?
WHAT ?

...WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE IT SITTING THERE.
WE CAN DO ANYTHING WE WANT WITH IT.
THEY SHOULD JUST BE GLAD WE DIDN'T WRECK IT.

WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE ?
THEY FILL YOUR HEAD WITH SHITE IN HERE, AND TELL YOU TO BE JUST LIKE THEM. THEY THINK YOU CAN'T EVEN SEE IT BUT I CAN.
LOOK: WE'VE GOT BOTTLES, WE'VE GOT PETROL. WE'VE GOT NOTHING BETTER TO DO TONIGHT.

I SAY WE BLOW UP THE WHOLE FUCKING SCHOOL.


coming up on the sacramental LSD the body and blood of new gods and new religions
pentagrams drawn banishings completed paisley shirt rickenbacker short arm chelsea boots
his number 9 the number of ganesh the god who breaks down obstacles scent of jasmine number of lennon number 9 more popular than Jesus
summon the god the godhead
his head revolving
space opens like an eye
the head assembles condenses made of music visible music harpsichord shivering liquid noise
buddha gong universal harmonics
monastery acoustic hiss and drone
fade up volume on monks chanting the backwards static hum of the big bang
godhead made of living music

enter the lennonhead soundscape digital clatter of revolving prayerwheels

mantrasonics mantra mantra walls made of mantra walls made of mantra and skin and hair of mantra

magical mystery maze of floral circuitry

looking glass language reverb red in the red room of the head

revolving head revolver neon gunblast of numbers and noise

fizzing sherbetstorms of light particles

bumper tilt eggman hologram blizzard

the head the oracle head speaks in rhyming sounds hammerchime fuzztone piano

let me take you down down

say the word

it is not dying

be reborn be light go and come again

rise from the grave of himself

bonny jock lennon is dd and goon

it is not dying

the boy born again beautiful boy beautiful boy

it is not dying

THIS IS MAD!
WHAT IF WE GET CAUGHT? THIS IS SERIOUS.
SHUT UP, BILLY. WHY DON'T YOU GIVE GAZ A HAND WITH THOSE MOLOTOVS?
COME ON!

HERE! WHAT'S GOING ON!
SHIT!
IT'S BIG MALKIE! WHAT THE FUCK'S HE DOING HERE?

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, YOU CAN'T JUST...
DEAR GOD.
WHAT D'YOU THINK YOU'LL ACCOMPLISH?

STOP RIGHT NOW. LISTEN TO ME.
DON'T DO THIS, McGOWAN. DANE. THIS IS ALL WRONG. YOU...

HNNN!

FUCK THIS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! WE'RE FUCKED! THE JANNY'LL HAVE THE BIZZIES ON US.
...NNN -- CHRIST...
YOU GO IF YOU WANT.

DANE, DON'T DO THIS. THERE ARE OTHER WAYS.
PLEASE ...I UNDER-STAND YOUR FRUSTRATION... I KNOW WHAT...

HRRRT

IT WAS KROPOTKIN.
AND YOU'LL NEVER FUCKING UNDERSTAND ME.

THIS WAS A PARTICULARLY BRUTAL AND SENSELESS CRIME WHICH WENT FAR BEYOND THE LIMITS OF WHAT MIGHT BE REGARDED AS LEGITIMATE YOUTHFUL REBELLION AGAINST AUTHORITY.

INDEED, WERE IT NOT FOR THE YOUTH OF THE DEFENDANT, I WOULD HAVE NO HESITATION IN SENDING HIM TO PRISON.
UNFORTUNATELY, MY HANDS ARE TIED AND I MUST RESORT TO THE INTENSIVE PROBATION PROGRAMME.

NEVERTHELESS, I INTEND TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF THIS THOROUGHLY UNPLEASANT YOUNG MAN.
I SEE TOO MANY OF THESE VICIOUS YOUNG THUGS. MORE AND MORE EACH YEAR.

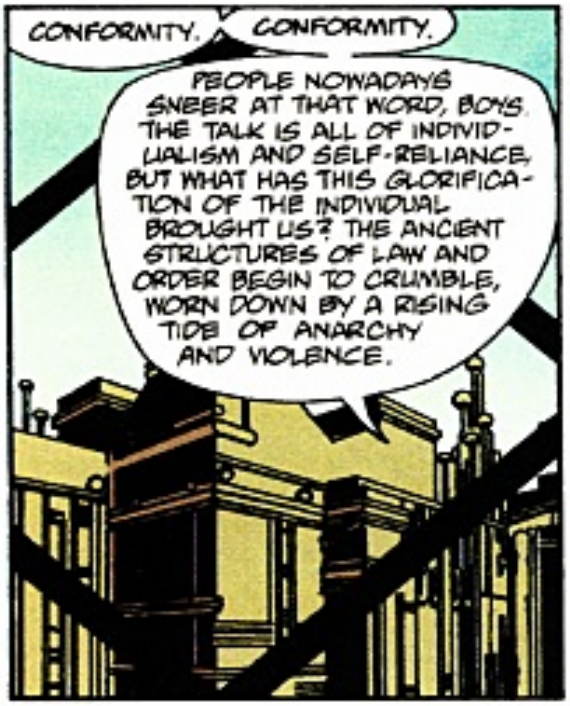
SNEERING AND INSOLENT IN THEIR IGNORANCE, THEY THINK THEY CAN THREATEN THE FABRIC OF SOCIETY AND PLAY FAST AND LOOSE WITH THE LAW WITHOUT FEAR OF REPRISALS.
THEY ARE WRONG. IT'S TIME TO STEM THE TIDE AND WIPE THOSE ARROGANT GRINS FROM THESE FACES.

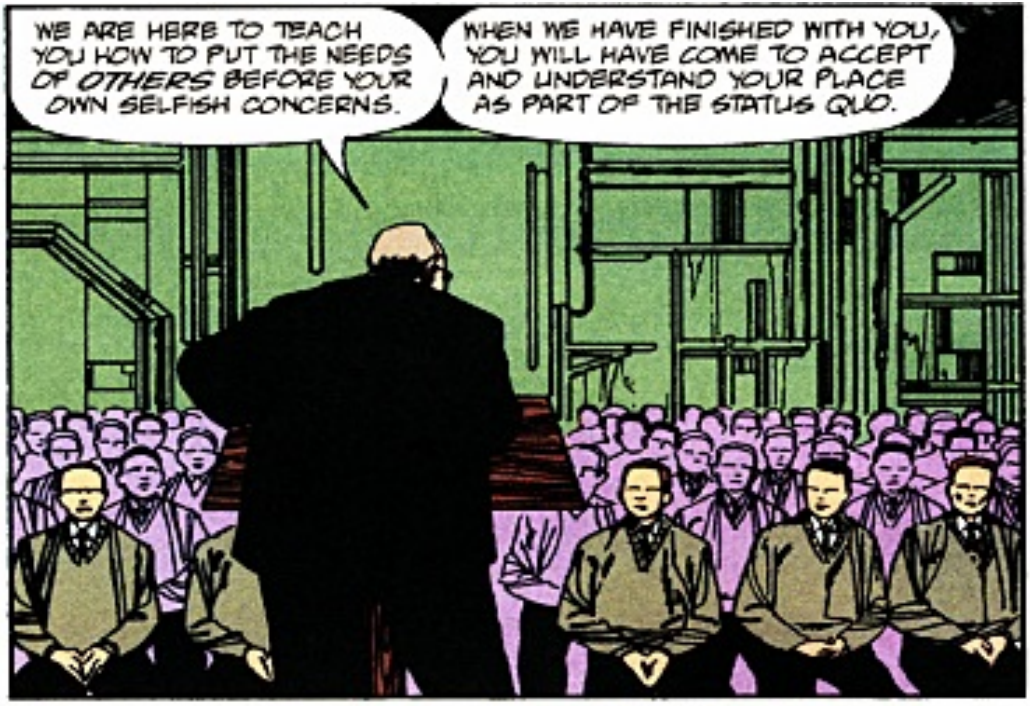
THIS YOUNG MAN WILL LEARN TO HIS COST THAT WE HAVE BEEN DEVELOPING NEW WAYS TO DEAL WITH HIS BRAND OF "REBELLION."
HE WILL LEARN THE HARD WAY.

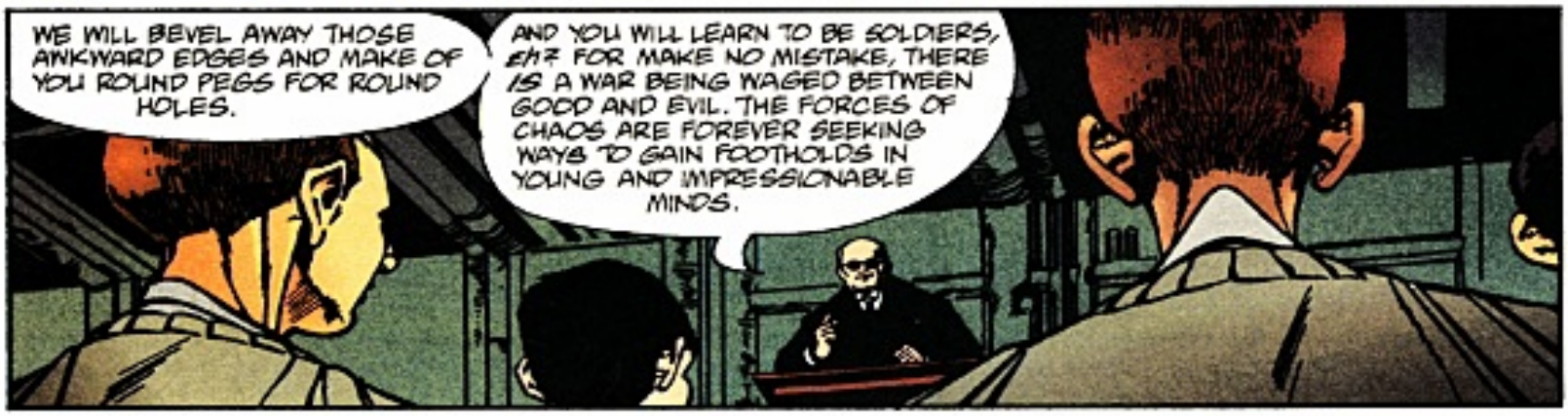
OH, YES. YOU'LL SEE.

WELCOME TO HARMONY HOUSE.

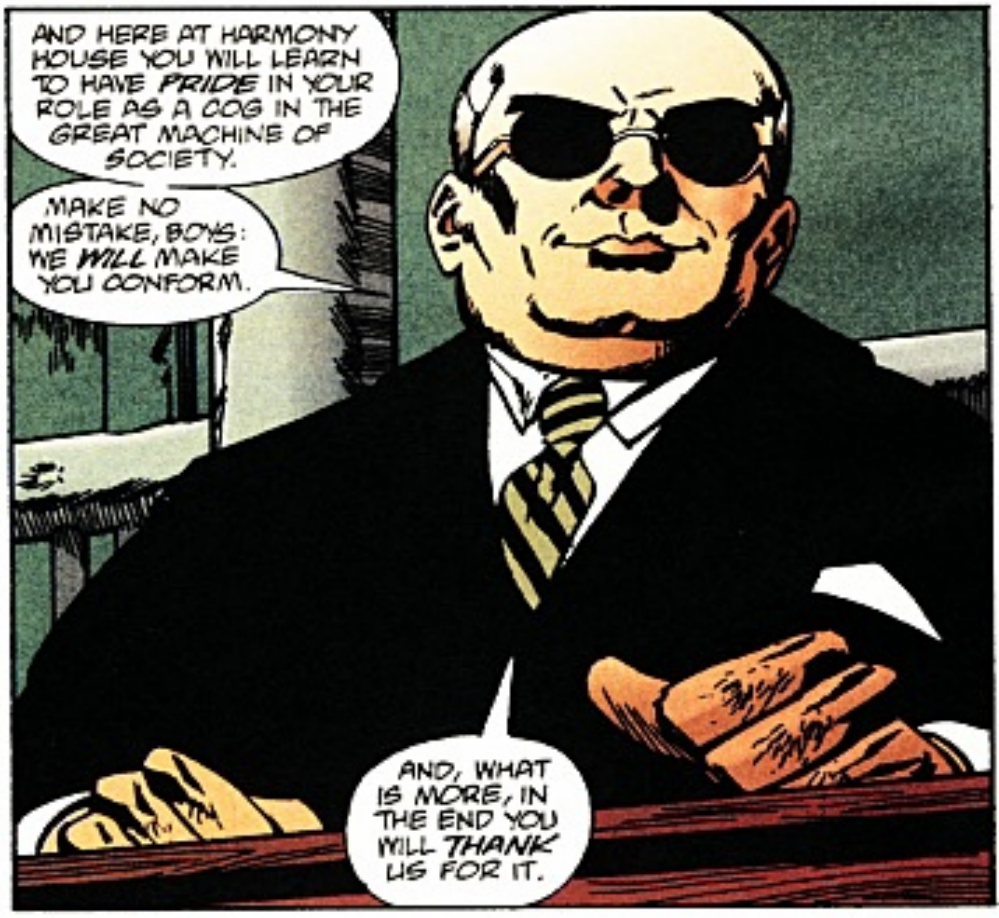
HARMONY HOUSE


CONFORMITY.
CONFORMITY.
PEOPLE NOWADAYS SNEER AT THAT WORD, BOYS. THE TALK IS ALL OF INDIVIDUALISM AND SELF-RELIANCE, BUT WHAT HAS THIS GLORIFICATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL BROUGHT US? THE ANCIENT STRUCTURES OF LAW AND ORDER BEGIN TO CRUMBLE, WORN DOWN BY A RISING TIDE OF ANARCHY AND VIOLENCE.


WE ARE HERE TO TEACH YOU HOW TO PUT THE NEEDS OF OTHERS BEFORE YOUR OWN SELFISH CONCERNS.
WHEN WE HAVE FINISHED WITH YOU, YOU WILL HAVE COME TO ACCEPT AND UNDERSTAND YOUR PLACE AS PART OF THE STATUS QUO.


WE WILL BEVEL AWAY THOSE AWKWARD EDGES AND MAKE OF YOU ROUND PEGS FOR ROUND HOLES.
AND YOU WILL LEARN TO BE SOLDIERS, EH? FOR MAKE NO MISTAKE, THERE IS A WAR BEING WAGED BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL. THE FORCES OF CHAOS ARE FOREVER SEEKING WAYS TO GAIN FOOTHOLDS IN YOUNG AND IMPRESSIONABLE MINDS.

BUT FEAR NOT: WE ARE HERE TO PULL YOU OUT OF THE SHADOWS, BOYS.
WE ARE HERE TO MAKE YOU MARCH IN STEP.


AND HERE AT HARMONY HOUSE YOU WILL LEARN TO HAVE PRIDE IN YOUR ROLE AS A COG IN THE GREAT MACHINE OF SOCIETY.
MAKE NO MISTAKE, BOYS: WE WILL MAKE YOU CONFORM.
AND, WHAT IS MORE, IN THE END YOU WILL THANK US FOR IT.

...I WOULDN'T MIND BEING A SOLDIER. I MIGHT JOIN UP WHEN I GET OUT.
WHY SHOULD YOU FIGHT FOR THE GOVERNMENT? WHAT HAVE THEY EVER DONE FOR YOU? I WOULDN'T DO IT.

IT'S NOT THE GOVERNMENT, IT'S YOUR COUNTRY.
ANYWAY, I'D BE FIGHTING FOR MONEY.
THERE MUST BE BETTER WAYS TO GET MONEY. I CAN THINK OF TONS.
YOU DON'T WANT TO END UP LIKE THIS LOT, DO YOU?

THEY JUST SIT THERE. HAVE YOU TRIED TALKING TO ANY OF THESE BASTARDS? THEY'RE LIKE FUCKING ZOMBIES, MAN.
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE FIRST CHANCE I GET.
YES
NO
NO
YES
YES

NOW, NOW, BOYS? DID I HEAR CURSING?
I'M AFRAID WE HAVE TO BREAK UP YOUR CONVERSATION. GARY HERE IS DUE FOR HIS MEDICAL, EH?
THAT'S ME, MR. GELT, SIR.

AND WHILE THAT'S GOING ON, WHY DON'T YOU AND I HAVE A BIT OF A CHAT, MASTER McGOWAN?
I LIKE TO CHAT WITH MY NEW BOYS.

IT'S THE MOON AGAIN.
18
THE MOON
15X15 – THE OCCULT POWERS
HIDDEN ENEMIES

THE DARKNESS THAT GIVES BIRTH TO LIGHT, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.
YOU KNOW THIS STUFF ANYWAY. I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU ASKED *ME* TO READ THE TAROT. I THINK IT'S BULLSHIT.

YES, MISS.
THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHY I ASKED YOU TO READ IT. THESE BEETLE SYNCHRONICITIES HAVE BEEN TURNING UP FOR THE PAST MONTH. IT'S ALL TOO PERSISTENT TO IGNORE.

THE BEETLE'S SUPPOSED TO STAND FOR DEATH AND RESURRECTION, ISN'T IT?
TRIALS, INITIATIONS.

IS THAT WHY YOU INVOKED *JOHN LENNON*?
YEAH. I FIGURED HE'S GOT ALL THE ATTRIBUTES OF A GOD NOW, SO I USED TRADITIONAL CEREMONIAL MAGIC METHODS AND SUMMONED HIM FOR ADVICE.

HE MORE OR LESS CONFIRMED WHAT WE THOUGHT: THE BOY'S GOING TO HAVE TO BE PUT THROUGH THE MILL, POOR BASTARD.
LENNON GAVE ME THE METHOD. WE GOT ON QUITE WELL, ACTUALLY. I LIKE THE IDEA OF A PSYCHEDELIC GOD.
AND THAT'S IT? YOU DIDN'T ASK HIM TO WRITE YOU A SONG OR SOMETHING?

HE JUST SUGGESTED I GIVE YOU THIS.
AN APPLE FOR THE TEACHER.
EVE MAY HAVE FALLEN FOR THAT ONE. RAGGED ROBIN'S NOT SO DUMB.
I GUESS YOU WANT ME TO CONTACT THE OTHERS NOW? BOY'S STILL IN NEW YORK. FANNY'S AT THE ACADEMY.

I'M GOING TO NEED ALL OF YOU. WE HAVE TO SET THIS ONE UP REALLY CAREFULLY. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE THIS KID.
THAT'S IF WE HAVEN'T ALREADY LOST HIM.

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO VISITING HARMONY HOUSE.
YOU KNOW, WHEN I WAS A KID, I WANTED TO GROW UP AND FIND MYSELF LIVING IN A '60s SPY SERIES.

FUNNY HOW THINGS TURN OUT, ISN'T IT?

PEOPLE OFTEN DREAM OF CORRIDORS LIKE THIS: ENDLESS, ANTISEPTIC.
DO YOU HAVE DREAMS, MY BOY? DO YOU EVER...SEE THINGS?
WHAT? WHAT'S ALL THIS HERE?
IS IT VIRTUAL REALITY? I'D LIKE A GO ON THAT.

VIRTUAL REALITY? YES.
ALL IN GOOD TIME. ALL IN GOOD TIME.

MIDDLE-CLASS LIBERALS WHINE ABOUT THE FREEDOM OF THE INDIVIDUAL, BUT WOULD THEY WANT LITTLE THUGS LIKE YOU LIVING NEXT DOOR? OF COURSE NOT. EVEN YOUR OWN PARENTS DON'T WANT YOU. THAT'S WHY THEY PREFER TO IGNORE HARMONY HOUSE.
HERE WE GIVE YOU A DIFFERENT KIND OF FREEDOM: THE FREEDOM TO THINK AND TO LIVE IN A NEW WAY.

YOU'LL FIND THAT IT'S EASY. IT'S NOT LIKE THINKING AT ALL.
BUT I'M SURE WE'LL HAVE MANY TALKS IN THE TIME TO COME. THIS IS MY OFFICE HERE...
WHAT'S THAT NOISE? LIKE BREATHING...
BAD
BAD
GOOD

I MUST HAVE LEFT MY RADIO ON.
TIME TO GO TO BED NOW, LITTLE MAN. YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY, EH?
YES, SIR.
WANKER.

THE-CHILD-WILL-BE-GIVEN-TO-US-TONIGHT. THE-ENEMY-MUST-NOT-HAVE-HIM.
YES.
NO SENSE IN WAITING. TONIGHT.

WHY-DO-YOU-NOT-APPROACH-ME-GELT?
YOU-HESITATE.
I'M STILL... STILL AFRAID OF YOU, MAJESTY.

FEAR-IS-GOOD. I-AM-THE-KING-IN-CHAINS-UNBORN-AND-BARREN. FEAR-WALKS-AT-MY-LEFT-HAND.
UNVEIL-YOURSELF.

DID-I-NOT-GIVE-YOU-NEW-EYES-TO-SEE? DID-I-NOT-TAKE-YOUR-SIN-AWAY-AND-LEAVE-THAT-BEAUTIFUL-RUIN-BETWEEN-YOUR-LEGS?

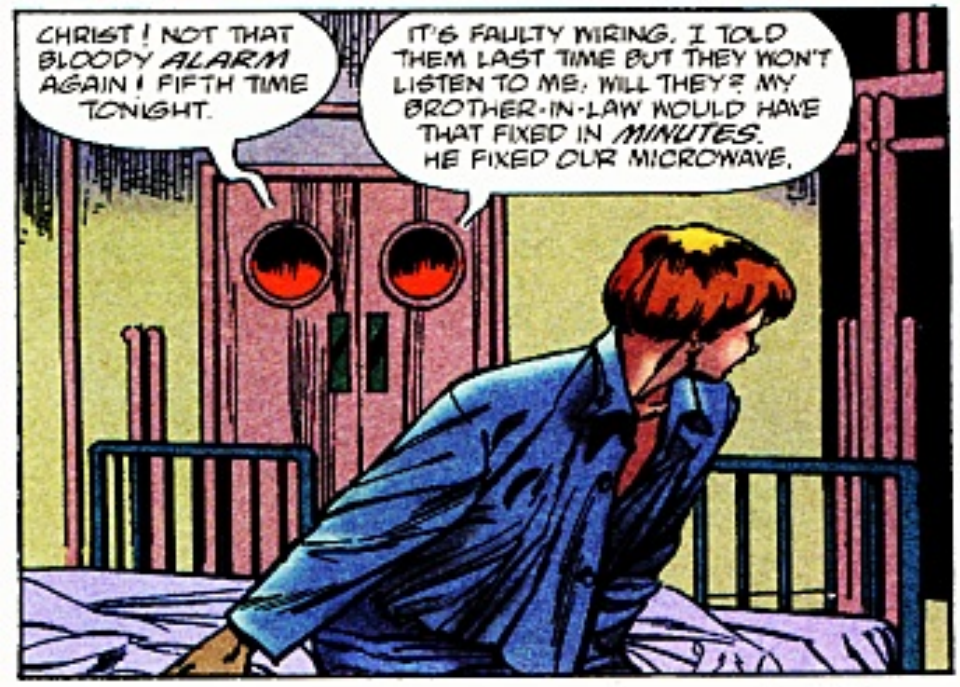
OH YES.
THEN-COME.
KNEEL.

LICK-THE-FILTH-FROM-MY-FINGERS. THIS-BENEDICTION.
NUHHHM UNNH
MY-GOOD-AND-FAITHFUL-SERVANT.

panic behind
raw peeled walls of somewhere
footsteps
clatter clatter
enamel tiles
bone rattle of his eyes opening
scared

so scared.
fused lights
run
run run
out
his shadow bomb siren rising

siren sounding
AAHH!
SHIT.


CHRIST! NOT THAT BLOODY ALARM AGAIN! FIFTH TIME TONIGHT.
IT'S FAULTY WIRING. I TOLD THEM LAST TIME BUT THEY WON'T LISTEN TO ME. WILL THEY? MY BROTHER-IN-LAW WOULD HAVE THAT FIXED IN MINUTES. HE FIXED OUR MICROWAVE.

WE'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE TO PICK UP ONCE WE'VE DUMPED THIS LITTLE BASTARD, HAVEN'T WE?
YEAH.

LET'S GET THIS ONE'S BED SORTED BEFORE WE BOTHER WITH THE OTHER ONE.
CHRIST! THAT SIREN'S DOING MY HEAD IN.

GAZ?

GAZ? YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU?
GOOD.
WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE, GAZ!
BAD.

CHRIST.
WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU?
GOOD.

JESUS.

SEE NOW WHAT REMAINS OF A BOY WHEN OUR WORK IS DONE.

SHIT.

WE HAVE MUMMIFIED THE *LIVING* HERE.
REMOVED ALL THEIR ANGER AND FRUSTRATION, ALL THEIR FEELINGS; LEFT THEM HOLLOW AND DRY, READY TO BE RETURNED TO THE WORLD.
UNLIVING. UNDEAD. ACCEPTING OF THINGS.

WAAAUUUUU

I WASN'T DOING ANYTHING. HONEST.
IT WAS ALL THAT NOISE WOKE ME UP.
UUUUU
AAAAUUUUU
IT'S NOT GOOD TO WAKE UP. BEST SLEEP.

HERE WE MAKE LITTLE SOLDIERS, EMPTY HEADS, MARCHING TO A COMMON BEAT. LIVING, GROWING OLD, DYING IN OUR SERVICE.
HERE. COME HERE, BOY. GOOD BOY, NOT BAD. NOT ANYMORE.

TWO THINGS WE WILL MAKE YOU; SMOOTH BETWEEN THE LEGS, SMOOTH BETWEEN THE EARS. AND WHAT WE TAKE FROM YOU, WILL FEED THE KINGS OF THIS EARTH.
GOOD...

AHH

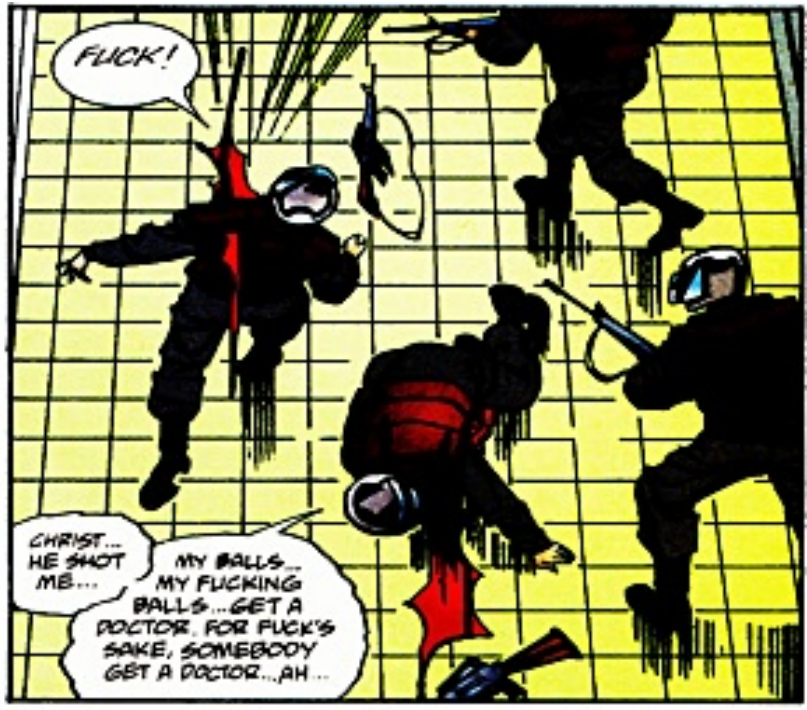
FEED ON THIS, FATBOY!
KKUH!

WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?
I'M YOUR FAIRY GODMOTHER. WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE?
STAY BEHIND ME. WE'RE MOVING OUT.

THERE!
HE'S IN THERE!
WE'VE GOT THE BASTARD! IF HE'S...

SHIT!

EEEYAA


FUCK!
CHRIST... HE SHOT ME...
MY BALLS... MY FUCKING BALLS...GET A DOCTOR, FOR FUCK'S SAKE, SOMEBODY GET A DOCTOR...AH...

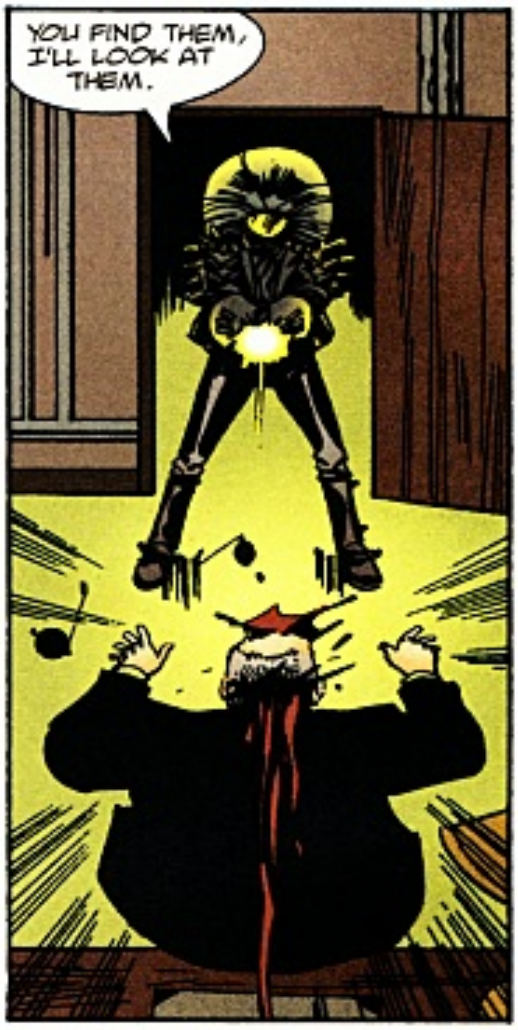
...I CAN'T SEE...NNN... I CAN'T FUCKING SEE ...WHAT'S HE DONE TO MY FACE...IS IT BAD...
NNF...FUCK... THIS ISN'T HAPPENING...

YES.
IT IS HAPPENING.

GELT!

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, HEADMASTER?
AH, YES, THE USUAL PATHETIC SHOW OF BRAVADO. DON'T YOU KNOW THIS FACILITY IS ONLY ONE OF DOZENS?
"INVISIBLES"! SOON YOU WILL BEG US TO TEACH YOU THE MYSTERIES OF SUBMISSION.

LOOK.
LET ME SHOW YOU THE NEW EYES THEY HAVE GIVEN ME.


YOU FIND THEM, I'LL LOOK AT THEM.

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

SO YOU JUST GO AROUND KILLING PEOPLE AND BLOWING THINGS UP.
THAT'S BRILLIANT AND ALL BUT...I MEAN, WHO ARE YOU?

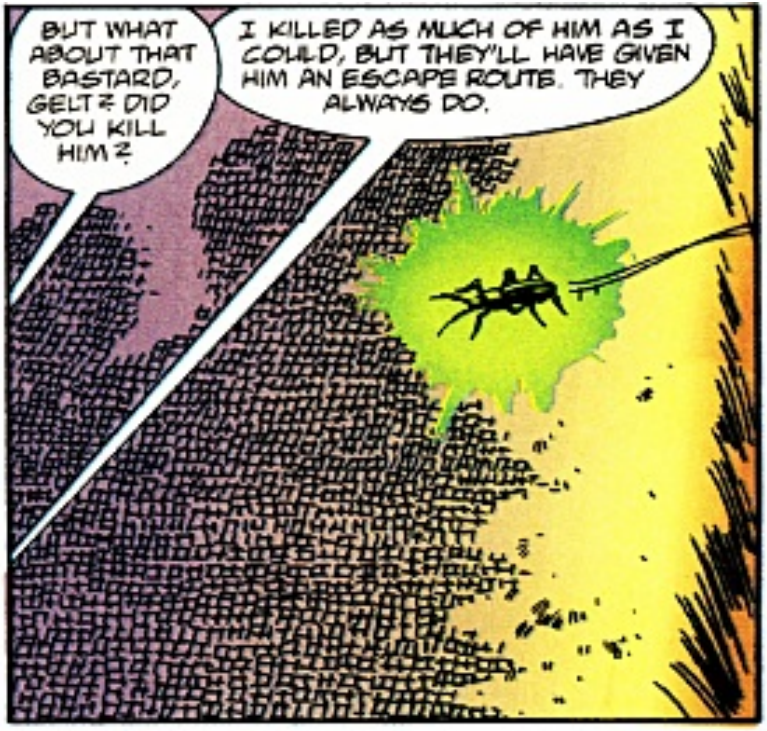
YOU COULD SAY WE'RE... WELL, WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A SECRET SOCIETY--THE INVISIBLES.
WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU, DANE. WE WANT YOU TO JOIN US.
WHY SHOULD I?
YOU WON'T EVEN TELL ME YOUR NAME.

YOU KNOW MY NAME.

LET'S GO.

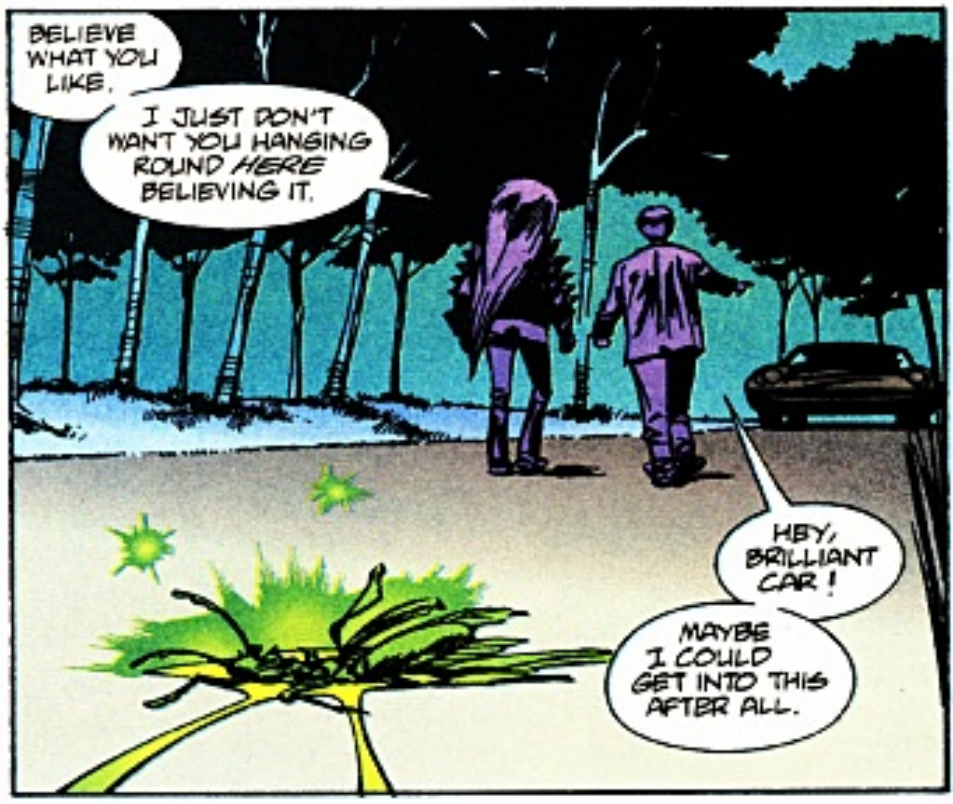
HARMONY
CORRECTIONAL FACILITY
KANG MOB

WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ALL THEM *PEOPLE*? WHAT ABOUT MY MATE, GAZ? WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE HIM THERE.
HE'S NOT GAZ ANYMORE. FORGET HIM.
THE POLICE WILL MOVE IN SOON. THEY'LL PROBABLY RELOCATE THE ONES THEY CAN FIND AND THE OTHERS WILL BE LEFT TO WANDER UNTIL THEY DIE.


BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT BASTARD, GELT? DID YOU KILL HIM?
I KILLED AS MUCH OF HIM AS I COULD, BUT THEY'LL HAVE GIVEN HIM AN ESCAPE ROUTE. THEY ALWAYS DO.

I EXPECT THEY'VE RELOCATED HIS CONSCIOUSNESS IN A TEMPORARY BODY, AN ANIMAL, PROBABLY, OR AN INSECT.
HE'LL HIDE OUT THERE UNTIL A SUITABLE BODY CAN BE FOUND FOR RECORPORATION.

THIS IS MENTAL.
I DON'T BELIEVE ANY OF THIS SHIT.


BELIEVE WHAT YOU LIKE.
I JUST DON'T WANT YOU HANGING ROUND *HERE* BELIEVING IT.
HEY, BRILLIANT CAR!
MAYBE I COULD GET INTO THIS AFTER ALL.

...WELL, IT WAS REALLY GOOD OF YOU TO GET ME OUT AND EVERYTHING BUT MAYBE IT'S TIME I HEADED OFF ON MY OWN.
MY AUNTIE DIANE'S HERE IN LONDON...

I MEAN, IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T WANT TO JOIN YOU OR NOTHING BUT I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, YOU KNOW?
YOU CAN JUST LEAVE ME HERE IF YOU WANT.
YOU'RE A TOUGH LITTLE BASTARD, AREN'T YOU?
YOU'RE STILL STUPID ENOUGH TO THINK YOU'RE INVULNERABLE.

LOOK AT THAT CAR!
CHECK IT OUT!
HASN'T IT OCCURRED TO YOU HOW STRANGE ALL OF THIS IS?
YOU SEE GHOSTS, DON'T YOU, DANE? PERHAPS YOU'RE SEEING GHOSTS NOW.

GHOSTS. YEAH, THAT'S A GOOD ONE.
WHY DO THEY CALL YOU "THE INVISIBLES" ANYWAY?

IT'S A FUNNY SORT OF NAME, ISN'T IT?

...IN-
...VISIBLES...
FUCK.
NEXT: DOWN AND OUT IN HEAVEN AND HELL

Invisible Ink

"You've just come at the right time. We're having a bit of a party. D'you like... you know what?"

DESTROY THIS COMIC!

That's my advice. When you've finished reading THE INVISIBLES #1, tear it up, burn it, feed it to your lizards, lock it in the trunk of a stolen car and push it off a bridge. You'll feel good, believe me. It's only a comic, after all. Do you really need more of these things cluttering up your life? Do you really need to be chained to a mountainous dead weight of paper? There'll be another one next month anyway, and chances are your memories of this comic will be much better than the real thing. So go on. Do it. And when you've done it, go do the rest of your comics. Death to "speculators"!

EXCEED THE STATED DOSE

As usual, with no letters to fill the first-issue text pages it's up to me to ramble on a bit, provide some background material on the creation of the item you now hold in your hands and introduce the creative team. Ever conscious of the writer's duty to project at least the illusion of glamour and sophistication, I'm making these notes on the Boulevard Pomare, downtown Papeete, trade winds rattling the palm leaves, a fresh spray of warm rain, white surf on green water, clouds blurring the jagged volcanic outlines of the island of Moorea off in the background. Slow Sunday in paradise. Drinking espresso with the left hand, screwdrivers with the right, in an effort to disconnect the hemispheres of my brain. The vodka and orange don't seem to be mixing very well. Tastes funny and smells like something shit in my glass. Only thing to do, I suppose, is keep on drinking until I lose my sense of smell altogether. The best thing about writing is that it can be done anywhere and anywhere is, of course, my favorite place.

Since finishing up DOOM PATROL in '92, I've spent much of the time travelling and recharging my batteries with new sights, new sounds, new gastric upsets. (And now it's *really* raining, coming down in heavy drifting veils, drops as big as raisins spattering on the wooden rails. Ten minutes later the clouds have passed and here's the sun. Ionized air smelling of baked dust, saturated with oxygen. Drenched and refreshed, the foliage is a vivid surging green now and big yachts bask in the harbor, just waiting to be infiltrated by James Bond.) These travels in what's generally recognized as the "real" world, were balanced and enriched by extensive... um, internal voyaging, designed to engender what Rimbaud so aptly dubbed "the systematic derangement of the senses." During this period, I was also, to be brutally frank, shattered by the response to DOOM PATROL, which I loved as a parent loves a gifted and misunderstood child, but which was either relentlessly panned by critics or completely ignored. So, I felt I needed time away from comics, time to recover and to rethink my approach to work. I emerged from this alchemic crucible with several little black notebooks worth of ideas — the forthcoming FLEX MENTALLO one-shot book, for instance, and also THE INVISIBLES, which you've got right here. Freewheeling madly across the globe in states of howling delirium may be highly instructive in a number of ways, but I found that I missed the simple discipline of writing a monthly book and the buzz of readers' feedback.

Which brings us right to where we are now.

THE INVISIBLES is what I'm going to be concentrating on for the foreseeable future, and I think I've at last found a concept wide-ranging enough to accommodate all the ideas I've had which would otherwise be spread through a succession of one-shot books and specials. Although we have a core group of characters, *anyone* can belong to or oppose the Invisibles, giving me the opportunity to tell stories ranging across time and genre, stories that will eventually come together and be revealed as one large-scale, shimmeringly holographic tapestry. Generally, the longer stories will feature the activities of our five principal players, while one-shots will explore the lives of various ordinary and extraordinary folk drawn into a web of conspiracy that extends from the back streets of your home town to the dark blue-green planet circling Alpha Centauri and beyond, out past the horizon of the spacetime supersphere itself. This is the comic I've wanted to write all my life — a comic about *everything*: action, philosophy, paranoia, sex, magic, biography, travel, drugs, religion, UFOs... you can make your own list. And when it reaches its conclusion, somewhere down the line, I promise to reveal who runs the world, why our lives are the way they are and exactly what happens to us when we die. In the meantime, send us your comments, your dreams, your recipes, your love letters, crank mail, whatever. I'll read 'em all and answer as many as I can here in "Invisible Ink."

KILL RAVE

I have a dream: Somewhere out there, fourteen-year-old kids are beginning to look around, beginning to get angry and strange and wild. Soon they'll be cutting their hair with blunt scalpels, taking drugs that haven't been synthesized yet, making music that will terrify everyone over twenty-one. I have a dream. And I'd like to be the first to salute *les enfants du siècle*.

"NO! *I'M* SPARTACUS!"

GRANT MORRISON is five feet eleven inches tall and has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. His favorite color is turquoise. His favorite foods are chocolate, salt and vinegar crisps, salads and spicy foreign muck. He has an appendectomy scar. His mum is called Agnes, his dad is called Walter and his sister is called Leigh. His favorite animal is a cat and his favorite girl is called Magdalena. He is single, heterosexual (with possible latent homosexual tendencies), and is currently quite wealthy. His work has been described as "gibberish." That's all there is to him.

STEVE YEOWELL is one of the world's greatest comics artists and a close personal friend of the author. He's in love with the modern world and lives with his girlfriend Jill in a neon-hazed, strobelit world of endless parties. Other than that, there's not much to say about Steve.

RIAN HUGHES, first-issue cover artist and designer of THE INVISIBLES, is the sort of well-mannered, typically British young man you'd confidently entrust with your teenage daughter's virtue, but you'd be wrong, Professor! Dead wrong. For Rian is sex mad! He is a sex maniac! This Don Juan worships sex in all its forms. The priapic appetites of this Casanova, this leering Lothario, would exhaust even the most enthusiastic of Tantric love godesses. No man's daughter is safe with Romeo Rian Hughes. Heed the warning!

NEXT MONTH: Dane McGowan, lost and homeless in London, encounters Mad Tom O' Bedlam and takes a mind-wrenching peek under the skin of the world we know. PLUS Your Humble Narrator and, like, droog returns with more pointless travellers' tales designed to fill up the space before the letters come in. "Invisible Ink" — the place to meet new people!

pGrant Morrison
Tahiti, March '94

Cover and Logo Design:
RIAN HUGHES

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VERTIGO

ON THE LEDGE

WITH GRANT MORRISON

When my turn came around to write an "On the Ledge" column, I felt compelled to do something which truly exemplified the ideals behind Vertigo, so I packed a duffel bag with a few clothes, a camera, a notebook and a pen, bade farewell to the chilly misery of a Scotttish winter, hopped across two of the Seven Seas to the far side of the planet and found myself standing on a little wooden platform 120 feet above the Kawaraw River with nothing between me and oblivion but a big rubber bungee cord around my ankles.

"On the Ledge"? You bet!

Call me superficial if you must, but one of the things I like most about the Vertigo books is that, by and large, they're written and drawn by people who look good. In a world devoid of meaningful content, I value style above all else and Vertigo, if it is anything, is surely the native land of comic-book style. You won't find any sartorial catastrophes in our neck of the woods. No sir. We got no time for baseball caps and Next Gen T-shirts. Here at Vertigo you'll find instead a gabbling gaggle of strutting peacocks who know how to dance; people who regularly and fearlessly venture to the extremities of human endeavour by travelling the world, ingesting strange drugs and indulging in extravagant sexual practices and dangerous sporting activities. People, in short, who are interested in Living Life and, most important, in bringing back their experiences in the form of fresh ideas to create the coolest comic books for the coolest readers. Simple.

So when I give Fear and Death a knowing wink and leap off a "historic" suspension bridge *purely* so that I can write an "On the Ledge" column with some measure of authority, you have my guarantee that I do it in the name of Style and because if a writer doesn't live and breathe, then neither can his work—a theory confirmed by the vast necropolis of four-color corpses rotting every month on comic store shelves the world over, you dig?

Oh, and I'm supposed to plug my new monthly book, THE INVISIBLES, but I've run out of space. What can I say? I think it's the best thing I've ever done. The uncanny Steve Yeowell's drawing the first story arc and... well, it's the ultimate Grant Morrison comic. Which could be Heaven or Hell, depending who you are.

Me, I'm in Paradise. See you in issue #1.

Grant Morrison
Queenstown, New Zealand
March '94

ON THE LEDGE

WITH J. M. DEMATTEIS

The only thing harder than creating something—is *talking* about that creation. You spend months, sometimes years, staggering through the dark, walking into walls, falling on your ass, ignoring logic, taking leaps of faith, blundering on to the Grand Finale and, when you're done, if you're very lucky, you hold in your hands that strange beast called A Story.

Then someone comes along and asks you to *explain* your story, dissect it, justify it. You're asked to extrapolate on the levels and layers of meaning in your tale; on the carefully crafted psychologies of your characters; the deep, underlying symbols and philosophies that run through the work.

And you stand there, smiling a cryptic Mona Lisa smile (or perhaps your mouth is hanging open and you're drooling like an idiot), and tell this Inquiring Mind that the answers to her questions can be found on the printed page, and that anything you might say—profound and insightful though it will invariably be—would only sully the Original Vision.

With luck, they'll buy it. If they don't, you do what writers have been doing since the dawn of time; what, in fact, they're *paid* for doing: You lie.

Okay... so I'm exaggerating a little bit. I've rarely begun a story without framework, both structural and, yes, philosophical. I've always had some sense of where my characters are coming from, emotionally and psychologically, and where I want them to end up. But the fact of the matter is, my intentions—however high-minded, however sincere—rarely have anything to do with the finished work. Characters, if they're worth the paper they're printed on, really *do* take on lives of their own. Carefully crafted plot structures come crashing down as your story shamelessly kicks it over and goes galloping off in directions all its own. Call it God, the Muse, the Unconscious, or call it Phil—but I've found, in all my best work, that *Something* takes over... and it's all I can do to hang on while my fingers move, Ouijalike, across the keyboard doing its bidding. (In my *worst* work, however, I'm very much there. You can see me everywhere you look—and it's not a pretty sight.)

Which brings me to MOONSHADOW: I'm delighted—almost giddy with joy—that Vertigo is republishing the twelve-part graphic novel that illustrator Jon J Muth and I collaborated on, in those long-ago days of wayward youth (well, it wasn't that long ago... and we weren't all that wayward. But, as I said, all writers are liars — and a good cliché is hard to resist). If ever there was a book that was Vertigo before Vertigo existed, it was our "fairy tale for grown-ups." MOONSHADOW was, after all, the first fully painted comic-book series in America. Its mixture of adult themes, poetic storytelling, and acid-flashback whimsy made it utterly unique for its time. Or, as I've often observed: "We were doing pretentious painted comics years before anyone else!"

But now Karen Berger and Shelly Roeberg want me to say something *meaningful* about the series — and I haven't got a clue.

MOONSHADOW, more than almost anything else I've ever worked on, evolved on its own. I'll be forever grateful that I was lucky enough to be the guy taking notes as the characters whispered in my ear. I'll also be forever grateful that I was graced with a collaborator as brilliant as J Muth.

But I'll never be able to tell you anything even remotely meaningful about our story.

Luckily, I won't have to — since I've done my job and lied to you for several hundred words now and there's precious little room left, thank Heaven, for me to say anything else.

But I will say this: If a writer's works are his children, then MOONSHADOW is my favorite child. If you love it half as much as I do, then I'll be a very happy liar indeed.

And that's the truth.

J.M. DeMatteis

AVAILABLE JULY '94

THE INVISIBLES #1 NEW ONGOING MONTHLY

Writer/creator Grant Morrison returns to monthly comics with the ultimate conspiracy: The Invisibles, a secret society of occultists dedicated to subversion in all its forms. In the extra-length first issue, disaffected teenager Dane McGowan gets his first taste of the conspiracies that lie behind reality. Featuring artwork by Steve Yeowell.

MOONSHADOW #1 (OF 12)

He's the offspring of a hippie Jewish girl and a grinning alien light globe. He's kicked out of his intergalactic home at fourteen. He's about to voyage into the wondrous cosmos of outer space and the complex realm of the inner spirit. By J.M. DeMatteis and Jon J Muth.

BLACK ORCHID #13

Two casualties of past encounters with the Black Orchid cross paths and form a grudging alliance in their quests for inner resolution. By Dick Foreman, Rebecca Guay and Stan Woch.

SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE #18

As the Scorpion's murdering spree of the financially elite continues, his next intended victim is none other than millionaire Wesley Dodds. By Matt Wagner, Steven T. Seagle and Guy Davis.

SHADE, THE CHANGING MAN #51

Nuclear Alert for New Readers: The aftermath of a funeral finds Lenny uncomfortably frolicking throughout the streets of Manhattan while Shade explores sorrow, suicide and the ancient carnage of his home planet. By Peter Milligan and Sean Phillips.

HELLBLAZER #81

As London's race riots explode, a terrified Constantine seeks refuge in a church...unaware that the Devil's at his door. By Garth Ennis and Steve Dillon.

KID ETERNITY #16

This somber series finale exposes death, dying, hell, and heartbreak as Kid Eternity quests for the quintessential meaning of existence. By Ann Nocenti and Sean Phillips.

VAMPS #2 (OF 6)

Continuing their feeding frenzy across the desert, the Vamps ally themselves with a biker community while private detective Gallagher finds a surprisingly beautiful suspect on his Vamp-hunt. By Elaine Lee and William Simpson.

ANIMAL MAN #75

The incredible success of the Life-Power Church makes things too congested in Vermont, so Animal Man and Maxine lead their swelling ranks across America. By Jamie Delano and Steve Pugh.

SWAMP THING #146

As big-game hunter Nelson Strong continues his hot pursuit of Swamp Thing, the Earth Elemental travels to Amsterdam to uncover a sadistic prostitution ring involving... Linda Holland? By Mark Millar, Phillip Hester and Kim DeMulder.

THE SANDMAN #63

The final major story arc continues as Rose Walker comes face to face with The Sandman as the might of the Furies is finally unleashed. By Neil Gaiman and Marc Hempel.

THE BOOKS OF MAGIC #5

Tim Hunter's twisted future persona tries to ensure his existence by corrupting his young self—but young Tim has a new guardian angel. By John Ney Rieber and Peter Snejbjerg.

DOOM PATROL #82

Even ape-faced girls get the blues, which propels Dorothy into the heart of a Violet Valley witch coven. Plus, the Head barters for mobility with the sex ghosts. By Rachel Pollack and Ted McKeever.

VERTIGO EVENTS NEXT MONTH...

THE SANDMAN: A GALLERY OF DREAMS

Aspects of the Dreamlord, by Moebius, Mike Mignola, Matt Wagner, Jeff Smith, Jamie Hewlett, Malcolm Jones, Eddie Campbell, and a host of other supremely talented artists. Wraparound cover by Dave McKean.

SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE ANNUAL #1

1938—New York City's Central Park is the idyllic setting for a series of sinister crimes involving cross-dressers, buried corpses, sex and a mysterious mugger who bears a striking resemblance to the Golden Age Sandman. Hosted by some of comics' finest including Alex Ross, John Bolton, David Lloyd, George Pratt, Guy Davis and others. Written by Matt Wagner and Steven T. Seagle.

ARABIAN NIGHTS SANDMAN STATUE

This haunting figure of Morpheus, imbued with metallic detailing and beholding a genuine Austrian crystal, is a must-have for any Sandfan. Orders are limited! Sculpted by Randy Bowen from a design by P. Craig Russell (THE SANDMAN #50).

JONAH HEX: TWO-GUN MOJO TRADE PAPERBACK

Winner of the Bram Stoker Award from the Horror Writers of America, this volume collects the popular miniseries — the tale of the hideously-scarred Hex and his struggle against Doc "Cross" Williams's murderous travelling freak show. By Joe R. Lansdale, Sam Glanzman and Timothy Truman.

DEATH TATTOO

More than mortal flesh can wear. Four-color design by Chris Bachalo.

SUMMER IGNITES AT THE SAN DIEGO COMICON

Meet VERTIGO Creators: Grant Morrison, Garth Ennis, Matt Wagner, Marc Hempel, Steven T. Seagle, Gary Amaro, Jill Thompson, James Robinson, Rebecca Guay, Daniel Vozzo, Todd Klein and others.

Meet VERTIGO Editors: Karen Berger, Stuart Moore, Lou Stathis, and Alisa Kwitney.

At: The San Diego Convention Center, 111 West Harbor Drive, San Diego, CA 92101

Thursday	August 4	10 am–7 pm
Friday	August 5	10 am–7 pm
Saturday	August 6	10 am–7 pm
Sunday	August 7	10 am–5 pm

COMING SOON... THE VERTIGO RAVE...

listen between the lines

VERTIGO

suggested for mature readers

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MM-Rosie
better than
chocolate